THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

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VOLUME XXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1848. WHOLE NO. 1405.

Original Pictures of Life.

THE PET FROM THE POOR HOUSE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS,

AUTHOR OF "MALINA GRAY." "DAVID HUNT." ETC. ETC.

[ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1848, BY DEACON & PETERSON, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT, OF THE EASTERN DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA.]

CHAPTER I.

THE NAVOR AND THE POLICEMAN.

When the strong man totter, and the feeble grow,
When he seems the fiend with a ruthless grip,
Who is not to be met for love.
But when poverty comes to a little child,
Crowing in bloom away—
When its cheeks are thin and its eyes are wild,
Come pity in gentle sway.

It was a bitter cold night—a myriad of stars hung on the sky, cold and glittering, like the eyes of by the frost. The moon cast down a pale, freezing brilliancy that rendered the dim outlines of a sprinkling of snow had fallen, when there was not a flake on earth or air. Little was stirring—it was abroad, but that little pierced through well-fires and overcoats, like a swarm of invisible needles, stung and stinging. It was rather late in the evening, and in such weather few persons were tempted abroad. Those who had comfortable hearths remained at home, and even the street beggars crept within their allowances of cellar-ways of them doors to seek shelter in these tough, without hope of fire or food.

But there was one man in the *Nineteenth Ward*, of New York city, who could neither seek rest nor shelter till a given number of hours had passed. Weather might be. With a thick pilot cloth overcoat, buttoned to the chin, and his glittering police star catching the moonbeams as they fell upon his breast, he strode to and fro on his beat, sometimes pausing, with his eyes fixed upon a window, to ponder over some thought in his mind, but specially urged to motion again by the sharp tingling of his feet and hands.

A feeling and thoughtful man was this policeman of the *Nineteenth Ward*—he possessed much originality of mind, which had received no small share of cultivation. He was a native of Ireland, a remarkable human till symptoms of a predominant disease drove him from the land of his birth to that of a politician, who had not entirely lost all kindly feelings for the country which had given him a home. A quart of water, or a pint in a good cake. Deep in the heart of every Irishman, however much he may have become identified with the country of his adoption, there is a green spot which dwells the more, and that gushes out with greater luster when touch in the tenderest manner. Of this man's early education and refinement, but having no better means of support, accepted that which Providence presented, and with the energy of character which was a part of his nature, he had made himself so familiar with that grateful alacrity which was a sure proof that his heart was in the labor of the moment, and that though capable of higher things, he was not too neglect the most humble, when they became duties.

To a man like Chester, the solitude of his night watches was at times, perhaps, a blessed boon; subjects of deep thought in itself, and in surrounding objects, which, in the day, he had neither time nor inclination to dwell upon. Even on the night when we present him to the reader, he was not wholly engrossed by duty, seemed only to invigorate his mind. Instead of brooding gloomily over his own position, certainly very unpleasant, he had found in it many a compassionate thought for those poorer than himself, and even extended his pity to the wretched outcasts of misery who would have deemed his small income of ten dollars a week absolute poverty.

At that period the *Nineteenth Ward* exhibited a striking picture the two extremes of society. Blocks of palace buildings loomed imposingly above the broad streets, which were paved with the finest stone and luxurious accommodations was arranged for a single family, sometimes of no more than two or three persons. Here plate glass, silver mounted doors and rich tracing in bronze and iron, gave the wealthy residents an air, which, in many small gardens thrown together, verdant with the coolness of trees in their summer foliage, threw a fresh glow of nature around the rich man's dwelling. Sometimes of enjoyment could be had by him on every hand. Each passing cloud seemed to turn its silver lining upon these dwellings, as it rolled across the heavens.

You had but to turn a corner, and in the very next street, and all reeking with human beings. Foot men, and the children of poor men, disputed possession of every brick near the pavement. Every damp hole in these dilapidated buildings swarmed with a family; every corner of the leaky garrets and damp cellars was full of human life, stirring. How were its green trees, no leaf was to be seen clothing upon the walls; every sapling and branch had battered wash tubs littered the back yards, where the street grass grass should have carpeted. Ash pans and tubs of kitchen offal choked up the sinks. The very light, as it struggled through these dingy windows, seemed puzzled and smoky.

And all this contrast of poverty and wealth lay in the policeman's beat. Now he was with the rich, almost within the light that came through the flood of wine through some tall window muffled in crimson damask. The smooth pavement underfoot had been swept with delicate gas-light; the next moment and a few smoky street lamps failed to reveal the broken pavement on which he trod. Now and then the gleam of a coarse tallow candle that glared through some broken window, and, there a murky glimmer across her path. Still, but for the cold moonlight, Chester would have found much difficulty in discerning the objects in the poor man's district. Yet here he remained longer, here he was always longest on his beat. Here his thoughts surrounded by suffering cast out from an eye only by those grosser objects of misery, all of as it were with the slumbering sorrow around him, they dark place always cast him into pensive thought. That cold night no one was more sensibly affected by the suffering which he knew was close to him, and only invisible to the eyes. The night before he had entered one of these dismal cellars, and found a family of human beings, who, squalid and degraded as she was, had evidently once been in the higher walks of life. The remembrance of a female form, that had once graced gay and elegant through his heart as he passed the dwelling from which she was driven. The pile of rags on which she had cast herself after a fierce outbreak of passion, the starved child that crouched near

"There lies in that room," he said, pointing to an inner door, "a man who likes Charles Wherry. He is dying but not even him in his cold iron bosom knows, I should swear it was him. Not a human not a generous soul. He is dying from a wound occasioned by a fall from a horse. Something is on his mind. But knows whether that part of Low's works may not be true, and he is innocent of any criminality. The very name may be false. At any rate, something is wrong; and I have sent for you to take my deposition to-day in the event of his death, or surely by the day dawns, he will never live to see it. Come with me."

We did so, and entered a small, low room, where, on a bed, in a dress not unlike young Wherry, but worn, and no longer handsome, and his face coarsely with agony, a man was laid, so (officially) like him we had been summoned to see him, that we could not, had we started as of his spirit had cast out before, that we should have known the one from the other. Seeing over the bed, her face hidden in the pillow, was a young girl, apparently about eighteen years of age. She never raised her head on our entrance, but at Mr. Roberts passed over to the side of the dying man, she looked fearfully up into his face, returning, as she did so, her own, with such great beauty that I have seldom seen its equal.

"Will he die," she asked, in a voice of agony.

"In less than four hours, I fear—probably before morning."

"Oh, no, no, no!—oh, sweet Mother, no!—unconfessed, unabsolved, unblessed—oh, terrible weight upon his soul! Oh, sir, save him! for his soul's sake assure him!—Philip, Philip!" and she tossed her long raven locks, and placed her hot hands upon which no one saw the marriage ring glitter on one entwined, but of Mr. Roberts passed over the side of the dying man, she looked fearfully up into his face, returning, as she did so, her own, with such great beauty that I have seldom seen its equal.

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"I do not understand the drama of low evil; who he is, but you will correct me. This man is my husband; he has been guilty of a great crime known only to myself and one other; for the time another man is convicted of it. He has come now to-day to renew the prisoner's innocence known, but the horse that brought us reduced him to the state you see. He is perfectly conscious, I believe, as he sat, so?" to Mr. Roberts, "and God and our Blessed Lady will give him strength to live to make the confession I shall insist for him. His name is Maurice—Philip Maurice—and he is the son of the late Colonel Wharton, by a most cruelly deserted mother, who, through her marriage had been a second time, till within a week of her death believed herself his wedded wife, and Philip his heir.—Knowledge of the truth killed her. Some hours sprung up between the father and his ill used son, was then openly married. There is no need to tell you the evil talents the deserted one fell into—the deed, whom God absolve! has there to answer for: but his much-wronged son married—I am a Roman Catholic—and from that day he has striven to redeem At opportunity of setting matters aright arrived, so we, Philip wrote to his father, requesting the means of doing so. No reply was given; and he resolved to come here and see him. Borrowing a lawyer's room, that he might be unnoticed if seen at the park, he went there to meet the Colonel—he did so—an angry words passed between them all which Philip here will the cruel old man upon the words of his dead mother, swearing no child of hers should ever be heir to Wharton. Philip, sir, was fortunately to strike his son, that son, in the impulse of ungovernable passion, swung round the gun he held, and it went off. Philip saw that he had He fled: and in our first terror (for he told me all) we left the country, and knew nothing of subsequent events, but when he heard that Mr. Wharton was arrested, and, likely to die, he returned at once, and would have confessed all to save him had it not been for this accident. Now, gentlemen, put this into writing, and let me sign it, that I make the truth evident; let my husband be spared the guilt of another deed, and God's will be done, strengthen his hand to sign it."

We did so, quickly for by the grey shed gathering over the tortured face, we saw death was coming, and after a revolving struggle given by the sufferer, he relief sufficiently to be able to depositions read and sign them.

A Roman Catholic priest, who had been sent for, now arrived, and we left the room, stationing us a mere form, a person in the sole room as the relation of the dying man; but, with lovely reverence, we bent to the knee as the young lady with who had acted so heroically, for we saw to whom sanctions in the sight the sufferer had forbidden.

Now the Lambs and the Sweet Secretary!!

Said, as the carriage drove furiously back. Another half an hour, as not an eye of our host have could set over the road, for John Mosbys and I were on our way to town, with Philip Sheridan's despatches. Time to town, no refusal days, but never had I travelled at such a pace before, and but for such another event, never will I again. That night's speed cost the lives of four horses. I shot them with my own hand, to relieve their from the agony that killing pure had caused. So though we have reached on to Winchester their reeling, tottering reason, as they were led out from the traces, the terrible separation of a friend from friend in the conflict of engagement the thing gifts, and no—no—faster, faster, we must in increased stagger of the natural air, and have not saved even seeing Wharton's life. Entering the Secretary's office, I found Philip Sheridan, Mr. James's, where, happily, the King then was, who after a brief consultation with my minister, signed with gladness the pardon required.

A week after that, Charles Chaney in the one pool of a gentleman, and I followed the body to Philip's house, and, with solemn service was read, and I looked from the coffin to the young man beside me, who had for God's might, deposition the dead, and I saw that there was pressed an earnest a bed, I pressed a solemn vow never again to be one of the ministry of any human being, unless there was no possible room for error whatsoever made. Ever since that the thought of what might have been has comupon my darkness, saving many a shriek—a—"never no malice," is engraven on my heart.

T. J. B.

Original Essay.

CHAPTERS ON NEWSPAPERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY AMBROSE SHORT.

III.—Subscribers and Readers.

There are two classes of persons immediately connected with newspapers, those are the writers and the readers. The former I propose to note as the editor and his assistants, and the other class—the readers—may be divided into subscribers and casual readers. We have heard editors—that is, the proprietors—say, that they would rather have a few good many subscribers who do not read, provided they did it as quickly whisper—there are many readers who do not subscribe—but we do not forget to pay their subscriptions. Many reasons—in many instances than one, however they pay for the privilege.

If we could be quite sure that these "chapters" would be kindly received as writers, as well as by readers, we would say a word or two to them; but are we sought and sought for we forget their existence. We, then, the other day, a few gentle hints to the writers, in correspondence of the newspapers which, with the contents of our worthy editor, we will read together.

Much time, words, and paper are wasted in introduction. Provincial writers should be brief and compact, and not waste time in the style of sentence. Non-chalant. Nobody cares how you came to think of your theme, or what led you to write upon it; of course the conclusion is unnecessary. Commence with your subject, and be concise and irrelevant digressions. You may be less critical, but you will be more original, and less tiresome. Avoid the use of "I" as much as you can. Write as if not as done into by. Curing correspondence consists in the ability to express your ideas in an impress your notice, in every occasion. For the more of using it, begin by trying to write a letter to every person you know. Leave nothing but simple promises. Young writers always suppose a thing to be clear. Never suppose an editor or full knows what it is about. Some writers have an indistinctness of words, and will dilute their ideas to twenty pages."

Just about the same time that the preceding paragraph passed under our eye, we found, in the same paper, published some hundreds of miles from the one, some notice of the Saturday Evening Post.

Let the reader judge of their propriety:—

"For editorial contributions to a paper, and for the paper themselves the necessity of active and well informed correspondents from the various portions of republic like That will be found a great source of variety. There would write no better than they know. And a correspondent who knows his knowledge may be understood. Let men to attended that they have nothing worth writing about, and they will find the words, that they express their thoughts in plain, every English—ways give to your correspondents the appropriate name, and they should be addressed to the editor without ceremony. Any, the letter should be written as writing them a paper is no sinecure. And if rational, it requires not the compliment and see my pen in the composing."

But our present chapter especially relates to subscribers and readers, and we will say a word or two on the importance of a newspaper. Dr. Franklin remarked that it was a great convenience for the rest to speak or intercourse his mood, as he found for a cruise he had to go to sea mind may. A man sets up a paper at once, and it is up and, and the pleasure he has to expect is soaked, but the observation he gets from a newspaper is treasured up, to be in judged more, and to be used wrongfully nothing, or misfortune call for it. A newspaper is one of the shortest of our sons or two years, but the wisdom of the age and of past ages, too. A family without a newspaper, is always half an old fashioned family, and the children of such families will be behind the rest of the world in information; half-learned they can never think much nor feel much to talk about. And just those are the children, the active-thinking age of a country paper, and the boys growing up in ignorance, without any taste for reading. Who, then, would be without a newspaper?

The value of a newspaper to persons individually and collectively is great. A lady was in company the other evening who had not seen a newspaper for eight days! Nothing, of course, could be more unfashionable, but replies pensively being, "Indeed!" "I haven't seen one for a week!" replies, just introducing Mr. Spruce to ask a certain class of persons—

WHY DON'T YOU TAKE THE PAPER?

"Why don't you take the paper?
They are "the life of any design"
Every other person pays,
And then I read for spite.

Remember, you cannot lose a cent,
If by chance you be robbed
For each time spent, in money lost,
You increase fourfold paid.

Go, then, and turn the papers,
And pay your money on the day dated,
And my word bond, it is interred,
You'll feel well paid for it.

An old newspaper friend of mine,
While dying from the cough,
Desired to see the last news,
While he was going off.

I took the paper, and I read
Of some new gulls in favor,
He bought a few—and a lot he died!
No! hearty as a horse.

I have a printer's debtor come,
Resided with a second to the door,
Who swore to pay her last cent day,
But I'll not believe a word he says.

Dreaded of no more!
Has did forget to pay her debt.
Till taken for a spirit.

—Here, Jessie, take these silver wheels,
Go pay the printer now!"
She rush'd, she went, and then awoke,
With health upon her brow.

I know two men—no more such alike,
As e'er you now can engage,
And no eleemosynary needed,
A difference is their lungs.

One took the papers, and his life
Is happier than a king's,
He chickens all can read and write,—
All talk of news and things.

The other took no papers, and
While scratching with his wood
A row fell down upon his crown,
And killed him where he stood.

Had he been reading of the news,
At home, like neighbor Jim,
I'll bet a cent that accident
Would not have happen'd him.

Why don't you take the paper?
Now from the printer sneak,
Because you know of his lot,
A paper every week.

For he who mides the papers,
And pays his bill when due,
Can live at peace with God and man,
And with the printer, too.

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1848.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large clubs for the present volume. We are the more inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will be more appreciated in some other influential and responsible person: who will be willing to do so. We think there is no one paper, sufficiently for the price, more to the enlarged paper, as those who will have a single paper, sufficiently for the price, more weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it contains all competition. Let it be remembered that *the postage is free to the end of the first class paper, as on the moment and period of the small reprints.*

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed, and that to which it is to be sent, and likewise send to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town to which they live.

For the convenience of sending for a club, would receive a favor by having them sent in one address class, they can do so conveniently.

MRS. STEPHENS'S STORY.

We commence this week the publication of the promised tale by Mrs. Stephens, "The Portrait of Love." Those who have read the work need not be told that the story is one that will command the attention of every reader, and the interest of which will not be diminished by the manner in which it is told. Those who prefer to be Christians, and would enjoy the spirit and intelligence manifested in the world towards religious persuasions, will not fail to read the story of the persons who believe in family worship and who do not.

TO OUR EXCHANGES.

We occasionally receive complaints from our correspondents that the Post has been stopped, or does not come regularly. We now state once for all, that when any one finds it so, we always are positively comply with our part of the bargain. We have the paper mailed, and our paper is sent from this city regularly. In cases where our Postmasters are negligent, or are careless about giving a paper, it is necessary that a marked paper should be sent to us, and then if we be at fault we will not see we overlook our large pile of exchanges, and notice the marked sheet. Having always tried to do "right" with the editorial fraternity, we expect in this respect, we do not particularly fancy contributions, but we are not curious in complying with our contents.

NEWSPAPER POSTAGE.

We are pleased to announce to our large circle of subscribers, that the House of Representatives has passed a very judicious and liberal bill in relation to the postage of newspapers. By the bill which, we trust, will soon become the law of the land, every paper sent and after the 1st of July next, all newspapers not exceeding nineteen hundred square inches in size, may be transmitted by mail to subscribers within the county where they are published, and to any other county not exceeding thirty miles of the place where the paper is published, free of postage.

All newspapers sent to any distance within the same State, or to the nearest county out of the State, shall be charged with one half cent postage.

That all newspapers of a less size than *five hundred* square inches, the charge shall be one-half a cent when sent within the county, or to any one of the counties as to the thirty miles, or within the county, or to the one of the larger counties.

Printed or lithographed circulars, advertisements, handbills, &c., on paper not larger than one hundred and twenty square inches, shall be charged one cent, whatever the distance.

Publishers may exchange, free, two copies for each copy of no greater weight than one ounce, and one copy for each additional ounce—no limitation as to distance.

Newspaper and magazine exchanges to be free. Newspapers not to exceed the value of 25 cents, and circulars, &c., according one cent, are to be charged with postage, and to be prepaid.

The above provisions will, we have no doubt, strike our readers as being as liberal as could reasonably be expected; and we notice our duties in the matter to be more than ever necessary. We will not, we trust, be at fault in this respect, and we will not be at fault in this respect, and we will not be at fault in this respect, and we will not

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1848.

INTERESTING TO POSTMASTERS.

A circular has been issued from the Auditor's Office to the Post Office Department, notifying Postmasters that there is no necessity for the employment of agents to secure the increased compensation allowed by the late law. In a month or so, each Postmaster will be advised of the amount to be credited him for the quarter due up to the 31st of March last. The Postmaster may then retain an equal amount of the funds then in his hands, or thereafter to be collected—or receive payment of the amount from the Department—if the credit cannot be thus liquidated. But, in no event is it necessary for him, at an expense to himself, to employ an agent in connection with this, or any other business he may have with the Post Office Department.

THE CHARTISTS.

The Chartists of several manufacturing towns in the West Riding have recently been arming themselves with the pike and other weapons. They have also been actively engaged in drilling. In Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, Bingley, and other places, the Chartists have enrolled themselves members of certain clubs, which they denominate "Life and Protective Societies," or "National Guards Societies," and these clubs now assemble regularly for drilling and other purposes.

BREACH OF PROMISE.

In Woodstock, Vermont, Susan D. Whitcomb has obtained a verdict of $439,56 against Rev. John Wolcott, for breach of marriage promise. There was an interregnum of 17 years in the reign of their love. One witness testified that "Susan sat on the defendant's knee, in which fact he observed nothing *criminal* or abu-*sive*, if he understood the *nature of roots and arbs*."

EXCUSING A JUROR.

A pretty good joke was perpetrated upon Mr. Justice Hand, at the present circuit in this county. A juror on asking to be discharged from serving, gave as a reason that he had listened to the judge's charge to the Grand Jury, and could not make sense of it. The excuse was perfectly satisfactory. The juror was a little deaf.—*Saratoga (N. Y.) Republican.*

A BEAUTIFUL HEDGE.

The best hedge in the United States, says the Genesee Farmer, extends about a mile along the highway on a plantation of 3,000 acres, near Augusta, Georgia. It is the Cherokee rose, which is now in full bloom, presenting a magnificent floral spectacle, and filling the atmosphere with delicious perfume. No animal without wings can get over it or through it.

A NEW MODE OF TAKING FISH.

More than a hundred gallons of whiskey were emptied in Grand River. The consequence was, that the fishes got so tipsy that they ran blindly upon the beach, and were taken without trouble.

New Publications.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE. Graham commences a new volume with the July number—and a superior one it is, too. The engravings are a fine portrait of Lamartine, a Fashion Plate, and a fancy picture of a young girl sitting amid Autumn or rather Summer scenery—the adornments of this last picture are exquisitely beautiful. The literary matter of this number is by J. M. Legare, Herbert, Read, Arthur, Foster, Solitaire, Grund, Burleigh, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Sigourney, &c., &c. The poetry is, as usual, very good. Mr. Longfellow contributes the following short ballad:

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

[When the wind abated and the vessels were near enough, the admiral was seen constantly sitting in the stern, with a book in his hand. On the 9th of September he was seen for the last time, and was heard by the people of the Hind to say, "We are as near Heaven by sea as by land." In the following night the lights of the ship suddenly disappeared. The people in the other vessel kept a good look out for him during the remainder of the voyage. On the 22d of September they arrived, through much tempest and peril, at Falmouth. But nothing was seen or heard of the admiral. *Belknap's American Biography, I. 203.*]

Southward with his fleet of ice
Sailed the Corsair Death;
Wild and fast blew the blast,

Life in Boston.

PASSING EVENTS IN MODERN ATHENS.

BOSTON, *June*, 1848.

GENTLEMEN:—My last letter left us peeping forth from the North window of the State House top, and by observing that Mount Watutick, which is on the verge of the State, can be seen in the little town of Ashburnham, as also beyond, is seen famous old Mount Monadnock, in Jeffry, New Hampshire,—we close the North view and pass over to the East window. From this side, we look out and down upon the harbor, the wharves and shipping. A conspicuous island in front, was formerly known as Noddle's Island, now it is in East Boston, and on it is a thriving little village. This place is supplied with excellent water, by means of an Artesian well, which derive the name from the wells of Artois, in France; only those in Artois are natural spouts of water oozing up through the rocks, while the well in East Boston is bored down through the rocks four hundred feet, and the cavity is cased with durable iron cylinders; the water comes up strong and is prime. Before the Artesian well was bored, they fared badly over there for water. The depot of the Eastern Railroad is in East Boston, the Cunard steamers have their docks there, also; these two matters have caused the place to thrive; the population is about six thousand. Two forts are seen in the harbor, one is Fort Warren, on Governor's Island, to the right of that is Fort Independence, on Castle Island. The islands are numerous and picturesque; we frequently get up fishing parties, go down the harbor, catch cod, halibut, lobsters, mackerel, &c., then go to an island, raise a fire, get out the pots, pans, with other pic-nic matters, and have a *good time*. There, at the head of famous "Long Wharf," is the new Custom House; it is a large, square granite building, recently finished. Quincy Market is next visible, this long granite building is indeed a gem of a market, clean and spacious, closes all up, like a row of stores; the second floor is occupied by a large clothing establishment. Agricultural implements, the most extensive and perfect display the eye of the cultivator ever beheld, are here exhibited and sold; *the Ploughman* is published here.—Editor Buckminster's sanctum is an Agricultural Museum itself, and well worth a visit. The rear end of the second floor is occupied as an armory. This durable and elegant structure is five hundred and thirty-six feet long, fifty feet wide, cost a million dollars, and was gotten up through the exertions of Josiah Quincy, Sr., then (1824) Mayor of Boston. The new reservoir, on Beacon Hill, will be to the present Mayor, Josiah Quincy, Jr., what the market is to the old man—a noble, a desirable monument. The Quincys are good citizens, enterprising and patriotic public officers. In front of Quincy Market, is old Faneuil Hall, of which so much has been said and sung. It is an antique looking structure, the ground floors are clothing stores, eating houses, &c., &c.!! You enter a large door and ascend large stairs to the hall, where the infant Liberty first heard its lullaby and had its rocking in the cradle. Gen. Gage's officers fitted it up for a theatre in 1775, and gave the first theatrical performances ever given in the city. The hall is very large, will hold from five to seven thousand people, I should think; has large galleries and seats, the portrait of Peter Faneuil—the donor of the hall—full length, in his lace coat and flowing wig, and full length portrait of Washington; then there are half portraits of Gen. Warren, Gen. Knox, John Q. Adams, Franklin, &c. Every stranger making his debut in Faneuil Hall, I observe, seems to be under the impression that these portraits represent individuals with whom Bostonians are but slightly, or not at all acquainted; hence the new orator begins to introduce them, tell over what they did in such a place and on such time, &c., to the no small bore of us that have heard all about them and their doings, ever since we were little things in jacket and trowsers. Those poor portraits have to witness some queer, varied and singular performances. The Democrats and Whigs lately have filled the hall jam up with their noisy "ratification meetings." When the Whigs got home from their Philadelphia spree, they called the brotherhood together, and held a regular pow-wow in Old Faneuil. The City Hall and Court House are seen; the Court House is very capacious; eight courts sit here at a time frequently. Kirk's Church, and the little gothic Swedenborgian Church are seen. There is "*Old South*," a church older far than the oldest inhabitant, and with which every Bostonian is as familiar as his fingers and toes. In the days of the Revolution, when Gen. Gage had his army in Boston, his officers tore out the pews, &c., of "Old South," and converted it into a riding school; it is a venerable land-mark, on Washington Street, just opposite the spot where Franklin was born. The "Old South" bell rings for fire, rings at 7, A. M., 12, M.,

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

After further cross-firing between Messrs. Foote and Mangum, respecting Gens. Cass and Taylor, at 5 o'clock, without taking any question, the Senate adjourned.

On the 23rd, Mr. Benton presented the credentials of Ex-Gov. Dodge, one of the newly elected Senators from Wisconsin, who was sworn and took his seat.

The bill to amend an act providing for the transportation of mails between this and foreign countries, (the retaliatory postage measure against Great Britain) was taken up, and the House amendment concurred in.

On motion of Mr. Underwood, the bill for obtaining testimony in relation to claims for losses sustained in the Florida war, was taken up and discussed by Messrs. Dickinson, Westcott, Claytons Mason and Underwood.

Mr. Bright moved that the Oregon Bill be taken up, which was agreed to by 27 yeas to 18 nays.

The debate was carried on by Messrs. Davis of Mississippi, Yulee, Foote, Johnson, of Maryland, and Badger.

Mr. Dix having secured the floor next upon the question, further consideration of the bill was postponed for the present.

On the 26th, the bill to promote the despatch of business in the Supreme Court, was taken up, amended and passed.

The resolution offered by Mr. Hale, instructing the Committee on the District of Columbia, to report a bill providing for the abolition of slavery in the district was called up and negatived by a vote of yeas 7, nays 36.

On the 26th, the Vice President being absent, on motion of Mr. Benton, Mr. Atchison was chosen as President pro tem. of the Senate.

Mr. Dodge presented the credentials of Mr. Walker, of Wisconsin, entitling him to a seat in the Senate. After being duly qualified he took his seat.

On Mr. Benton's motion, Messrs. Dodge and Walker, the Senators from the new State of Wisconsin, proceeded to draw lots for their respective terms of service. Mr. Walker drew the shortest term, ending on the 4th of March, 1849, and Mr. Dodge the longest, ending on the 4th of March, 1851.

Mr. Davis, from the Committee on Commerce, reported a bill making appropriations for the erection of lighthouses and fixing lightboats and buoys.

Mr. Borland, from the Committee on Public Lands, reported a joint resolution in relation to the construction of Mr. Whitney's proposed railroad between Lake Michigan and the Pacific.

After some unimportant business, the Senate proceeded to the consideration of the order of the day, being the Oregon Bill.

Mr. Dix addressed the Senate at great length, sustaining the views of the Barnburners, as expressed in Mr. Van Buren's letter, read at the recent Convention.

Mr. Calhoun obtained the floor for the 27th, when he was to reply to the speech of Mr. Dix. The further consideration of the bill was was then postponed.

After passing some unimportant bills the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 20th, the Clerk announced the continued indisposition of the Speaker, Mr. Winthrop.

Mr. King, of Massachusetts, offered a resolution appointing Mr. Burt as Speaker protempore for the present week, which was adopted.

Mr. Haralson offered a resolution directing the Secretary of War to furnish a list of the forces that would be left after discharging the troops now in Mexico. Objections being made to the inquiry, the resolution was laid aside.

Mr. Houston, of Delaware, introduced a resolution authorizing the Clerk to employ Smith's invention for taking the yeas and nays.

Messrs. Jones, of Tennessee, and McClelland, of Michigan, opposed the proposition. Mr. Farran opposed leaving the matter to the discretion of the Clerk, as had been proposed.

Mr. Jones then moved to lay the resolution upon the table, which was carried.

Mr. King, from the Committee on the Library, submitted a resolution, authorizing that Committee to erect a monument of granite to Mr. Adams in the Congressional burial ground.

Messrs. Henly and Bowlin opposed the proposition, on the ground that all the monuments in the Congressional burial ground should be alike.

While this proposition was pending, on motion of Mr. Vinton, the House resolved itself into Committee of the Whole, with Mr. Root as Chairman, and took up the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill.

Mr. Lincoln addressed the Committee in favor of internal improvements.

Mr. Wick read a prepared speech against the Whig party.

Mr. Hudson followed in an anti-slavery speech.

Mr. Sawyer asked, "are your sentiments the same as your candidate's, Gen. Taylor?"

Mr. Hudson replied by reading from Gen. Cass'

Mr. Embree moved to suspend the rules, so as to permit him to introduce a similar bill, with a proviso. This motion was likewise negatived, two-thirds not voting for it.

On motion of Mr. Vinton, the House proceeded into Committee of the Whole, Mr. Root in the chair, and took up the General Appropriation Bill.

Mr. Featherston being entitled to the floor, made a speech in opposition to the Wilmot Proviso, during which he was interrupted, on leave, and interrogated by Mr. Lahm.

Mr. Andrew Stewart made a political speech against the official newspaper and Gen. Cass.

Mr. Clarke, of Kentucky, followed upon the subject of the Veto Power, and defended General Cass's opinion upon that subject.

Mr. Thompson, of Pa., obtained the floor, and after speaking half an hour on political subjects, moved that the Committee rise. His motion prevailed and the House adjourned.

LATEST NEWS!

FROM MEXICO.

The prisoners known in Mexico as the St. Patrick prisoners—deserters from our army, whom we made prisoners in the battles of the valley of Mexico—have been pardoned by Gen. Butler, agreeably to the prayers of the Mexicans.

The first Mexican families have visited, caressed and provided for them in their confinement, whilst the suffering condition of the wounded of their own country has been scarcely noticed. Riley, their leader, will probably be made a General of Division.

Gen. Herrera has been elected President, receiving the votes of eleven deputations, while Gov. Angel Trias received the votes of five deputations.

There are about one thousand deserters, or men whose term of service in the American army expired previous to their leaving it, enrolled in the

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in voice of 200 hhds and ten Havana sold on terms not made public.

NAVAL STORES—But little doing. A few hundred bbls common Rosin sold at 70c, and some Tar at $2 per bbl. Moderate sales of Spirits of Turpentine at 32a33c per gallon.

OILS—Linseed has been in moderate demand, with sales of 2000 gallons at 63c. In Sperm and Whale, no change. A sale of Lard Oil at 80c.

PLASTER—Receipts increasing, with several cargo sales at $2,25a2,37½ per ton.

RICE—In limited demand, with sales of 90 casks at 3¼a3½c per lb.

SALT—A cargo of Turk's Island arrived to-day, but is not yet landed.

SEEDS—Cloverseed has been in limited demand at $3,50a3,75 per bushel. Further sales of Flaxseed at $1,37a1,38, and Timothy at $2a2,50 per bushel.

SPIRITS—In Brandy, Gin and Rum the transactions have been limited at former rates. Whiskey—Hhds continue scarce, and prices have advanced to 21½c, with small sales—300 bbls sold at 22c.

SUGARS—The market has been very quiet, and we only hear of the sales of 200 hhds Cienfuegos at 4½c, and a few boxes Havana at about former rates.

TALLOW—The demand is quite limited.

TEAS—The market is quiet at former rates.

TOBACCO—The demand for Kentucky is still very limited, with sales of 50 hhds at 3a8c.

WINE—A small catalogue of the ordinary and medium grades was offered by auction to-day, and partly sold at fair prices.

WOOL—We have no change to note in the market this week.

FREIGHTS—There is but little going forward—we quote to Liverpool, at 2s for Flour, 7½a8d for Corn, 25s for Bark and Provisions, and ¼d for Cotton.

COAL FREIGHTS—There is more Coal being shipped this week, and vessels are plenty. We quote the rates at $1,37½a1,50 to Boston, $1,12a1,20 to Providence, and 87½a90c to New York.—*Bull. Reporter.*

THE STOCK MARKET.

The following were the closing prices of stocks on Monday last:

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TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general travelling agent for the Western States, assisted by *James K. Smith, J. T. Dent, T. Gardner Smith, Frederick J. Hawse, John W. Armstrong, Jason Taylor, E. M. Stevenson, and W. Ramsey.*

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, 182 South Tenth street, Philadelphia, is our general traveling agent for the Southern and South-Western States, assisted by *Jas. K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, John B. Weld, T. S. Waterman, John Collins, James Deering, Isaac D. Guyer, R. S. James and Robt. Barton.*

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS of Montgomery, Alabama, is our general travelling agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

JAS. PIERCE, do. in New Jersey.

CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of Ohio.

MORTIMER T. WEBB, do. do. do. for New York State.

JUSTUS WHITE, New York and Canada.

J. L. SPROGLE, in Ohio, &c.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST may be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depot of *JAMES A. GILBERT & Co., Publishers, &c., No. 40 Ann Street, New York City.*
HOTCHKISS & CO., Boston, Mass.
Of GEORGE ROBINSON, No. 109 Main Street, Cincinnati.
Of MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Alabama.
Of J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
Of GEO. W. NOBLE, Louisville, Ky.
Of M. P. MORSE, Pittsburg, Pa.
Of W. TAYLOR & Co., Baltimore Md.
Of SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Connecticut.

Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots.

ALMANAC.

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STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

...

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

For a single square, first insertion,	$3,00
For each subsequent insertion,	$1,50
For one square, 6 months,	$20,00
For one square, a year,	$40,00

Payment is required in advance.

FOR CAPE MAY.

TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS AND SATURDAYS.

The safe, comfortable and favorite Cape May steamboat OHIO, Captain L. Davis, having been refurnished and put in complete order, will commence making her regular trips to Cape May on Thursday next, June 29, and will leave Dock street wharf every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings at 8 o'clock, returning on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. jy 1 6t

Fare including meals and carriage hire $3.

Season Tickets, meals and carriage hire extra $10.

ALMANACS! ALMANACS! ALMANACS!—DR. D. JAYNE would hereby inform the public and MERCHANTS AND STORE-KEEPERS in particular, that he publishes annually, for gratuitous distribution, by himself and all his Agents, an Almanac, called JAYNE'S MEDICAL ALMANAC AND GUIDE TO HEALTH. The calculations for this Almanac are made with great care and accuracy, and for five different Latitudes and Longitudes, so as to make them equally useful as a Calendar in every part of the United States and British North America. They are printed on good paper, and with handsome new type, and are neatly bound, and besides being the neatest and most accurate Calendar printed in the United States, they contain a large amount of valuable information, suited to the wants of all, and of that kind too, which cannot be found in books. His catalogue of diseases, with remarks and directions for their removal is really valuable, and make them welcome visiters in every house they enter. Every family should possess at least one of these Annuals. One million of his Almanacs for 1848 have been published and distributed. His Almanac for 1849 is now ready for distribution, of which he designs to publish at least

TWO MILLIONS,

and in order that every family in the United States and British America, may be furnished with a copy, he hereby invites MERCHANTS and STOREKEEPERS to forward their orders to him as early as possible and they shall be supplied GRATUITOUSLY, with as many copies as they may deem necessary to supply their various customers. They are also invited, at the same time, to send a copy of their "BUSINESS CARD," which will be printed and placed on the covers of the Almanacs sent them, also without charge.

Orders (post paid) directed to DR. D. JAYNE, Phil'a, will meet with prompt attention. jy 1-3m

GENERAL TAYLOR.—Just published by SARTAIN & SLOANAKER, a splendid full length Mezzotint Likeness of General Taylor.

The Philadelphia North American, speaking of the portrait, says—"We think there has at last been published a likeness of Gen. Taylor which gives us a true idea of the gallant soldier. Wm. Sloanaker procured from New Orleans a fine daguerreotype, and John Sartain has engraved it in his finest style. It will be a valuable addition to the portrait gallery of every family, and as the name of old 'Rough and Ready,' will live to all time in our country's annals, a copy of this picture should grace every parlor."

The Philadelphia Inquirer remarks—"The veteran is represented as leaning upon his celebrated war-horse, 'Old Whitey,'

...

NEW PROSPECTUS.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

TRULY A MAMMOTH SHEET.

REDUCED PRICES TO CLUBS.

The Proprietors of the SATURDAY EVENING POST, satisfied from the experience of the last two years that it is the "manifest destiny" of their paper, to take its stand at the very head of the weekly press, have resolved to make the Post more worthy than ever of its high position. They accordingly now have the pleasure of calling the attention of the public to the fact, that the POST has been

GREATLY ENLARGED.

This enlargement enables them to lay the equivalent of eight more columns of reading, before their subscribers weekly—being in fact an addition of one-fourth to the old area of the paper.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED ARTICLES.

Its Original Tales, Sketches, Essays, &c., shall be of the highest character. The faults of no article can be overlooked, from a foolish respect for its originality.

Its Selected Articles will be procured from first sources; and the readers of the POST may depend upon finding in its pages the best Tales, Essays, &c., that appear either in the foreign or domestic magazines. Thus laying the whole English and American world under contribution.

ENGRAVINGS.

Engravings of various kinds, *in moderation*, also shall not be forgotten. But the POST shall never be allowed to degenerate into a mere show bill, to be looked at for a moment, and then tossed to the children to play with.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Our Original Contributors are the *AUTHORS OF AMERICA*. We always hold ourselves ready to purchase articles offered to us, at a price proportioned to their merits. But authors whose writings are of a ridiculously exaggerated and immoral character, may save themselves and us the trouble of sending them for examination. The Post is a family paper—*and no article not calculated to enter the family circle can be admitted into its columns.*

OUR TERMS.

The terms of the enlarged POST to single subscribers will remain the same, viz.: $2.00 per annum, in advance; $3.00, if not paid in advance. For $5.00 in advance, one copy will be sent 4 years.

REDUCED TERMS TO CLUBS.

In order to accommodate that large number of persons who wish to take a first class paper, but mistakingly think they cannot afford it, we have concluded *to reduce our terms to clubs*, sent to one address, as follows:

4 COPIES,		$5.00	PER ANNUM.
8 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club)	$10.00	"
13 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club)	$15.00	"
20 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club)	$20.00	"

THREE COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and ONE of either Graham's Magazine or Godey's Lady's Book for SIX DOLLARS.

FIVE COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and TWO of either Graham's Magazine or Godey's Lady's Book for TEN DOLLARS.

THREE COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and TWO of the Ladies Garland for FIVE DOLLARS.

SIX COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and FOUR of the Ladies' Garland for TEN DOLLARS.

TWO COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and TWO of the Fountain, (containing 252 pages of original letter press, and 8 of Sartain's best Magazine engravings,) for FOUR DOLLARS.

A PREMIUM OFFER.

The premium offer made in the last Prospectus of the old firm, will be adhered to and continued. The offer is as follows:

The Post Office of any town in the Union, from which we shall receive the greatest number of subscribers to the Saturday Evening Post, during the year between the 1st of November, 1847, and the 1st of November, 1848, (the papers to be mailed to such Post Office, or to subscribers through it,) shall be entitled to a continuance of the whole number of the subscriptions *gratuitously*, for one year after the expiration of the year for which their subscriptions shall have been paid.

The papers will be continued on, either to the subscribers themselves or to the agents through whom we may receive the orders for quantities, and to whom the package or packages may be directed, or to both, if there should be both in the same town, as the case may be.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

...

A Fine Poem.

FROM "THE FLORENCE VOTIVE WREATH."

THE BROTHERHOOD OF NATIONS.

AN ANTICIPATION.

Suggested by Berenger's "Sunset Alliance des Peuples."

The wars and counsel, the emery nations united
Their battered flags, and shredded their bunted
swords,
And, with all blood, the decimated world
Crossed its arms, in glory, and wreaths
A little whopper, rested in death and fame,
Made an epitaph for its tombs, and broke
Form an alliance holy and sincere,
And Jon, join hands!

Old men, left childless and disconsolate;
Widow fathers, and mothers sorrow-drowned;
The children loitering at the cottage gate;
The young men, mournful, musing on the ground,
Joined in the cry, lamenting, 'ere of closer—
Separating arms—Oh, ye ruined lands!
Form an alliance holy and sacred,
And join, join hands!

The plowphare, sleeping in the early morn,
Stopped in his task, and shouldered to behold,
Through the long furrows for the future corn,
Half-buried shells protruding from the mould;
Bones of his brethren among the clods and dead
And sadly gazing sighed, Unhappy lands!
Form an alliance holy and sincere,
And Jon, join hands!

The whisper opened—it gathered as it went—
From sword to sword the mysterious force
Disarmed Europe smoothed the wounds that rent
Her bleeding bosom, restored at Worship;
Her wisest sons, with wreaths bind and close,
Took up the words and bore them o'er the lands:
Form an alliance holy and sincere,
And join, join hands!

Why should we sleep, and they, the famous are
Of blood ambition? Why, with sword and steel,
Follow the moving demon of war, or hear
And with your blood, make camels through the
Long leave ye suffered—long in mad career
Shame for our sword and sword through the
hands
Form an alliance holy and sincere,
And Jon, join hands!

Shouted be the cry—let it ever—let the drum
Be schoolboy's pastime—let your bottles cease,
And be the merchant's trade to ply
Except to celebrate the joys of peace.
Are ye not brothers? God, who'er ye were,
Is He not father of all sisters and land—
Form an alliance holy and sincere,
And join, join hands!

The words grow sweeter, from mouth to mouth
Rapid as the tidal wave encircles sea
From the cold Northland to the sunny South—
From East to West, they traverse the heart of
land—
The generous people with a sound of cheer—
Passed the glad wonderword through the smiling
lands!
Form an alliance holy and sincere,
And Jon, join hands!

They spread, they flew, they travelled space
The open and sacred long cursing on the walls.
Preserved the word to forgive her!
When men went mad, and gloried in their
Peace, the fair number of each hemisphere year.
Dropped sons and sires on public lands!
Form an alliance holy and sincere,
And Jon, join hands!

England forgot her deeds of battle done,
France hounded as "glory," seated as exile of
German, Indian, Spaniard, Pole, and Hun
Taught home's sweet lesson and love as one—
Knowledge achieved the contact of one sphere,
And Love became the keeper of the suns—
When that alliance holy and sincere,
That word of Jon!

The Labor Question

STOCK AND WORK.

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

Stock is a fine, honest, well-looks business man, always dressed in good broadcloth, with a pair of handsome implants, and very anxious to have everything comfortable about him. Work is a rough, sturdy fellow, in a fustian jacket, and seldom a clean face, but not by any means generally ill off. Both are sound-hearted Englishmen, and would fight to the last drop of their blood, and last farthing in their purse, in the honor and safety of their country; they would go heart and hand together against any enemy; though one who should think of treating them, yet they have occasionally very bitter-looking quarrels between themselves. It is rather an amusing sort of conclusion that Stock and Work fall into, not unlike three sensibles which sometimes take place about bullet between man and wife, while both know all the time that they are the best friends in the world, and that their interests are absolutely identical. The tussle, nevertheless, sometimes gets to a great pitch—and if you were to judge from their looks and words, you might suppose there to be on the point of killing each other, or at least come to handle to threaten Stock with a cudgel, and rise to threaten to have every one to be hanged, and, indeed for a week or two, declaring he would never see Stock's face again. But somehow the wife and children always get round him, and being at excellent bottom at bottom, he generally succeeds in forget all that has passed, and he come good friends with Stock again, before any considerable number of days have elapsed.

Stock and Work had an unusually dreadful quarrel not long ago. It began on Work's side, but was not so much his own blame, as that of certain foolish companions, who wished to persuade him, even against his own feelings, that he was extremely ill-used. Work, being a fair fairly answered these evil advisers, and he relied upon Stock one day, with the utmost fury, concerning that some people expected to see nothing less than hundred. Stock answered that he would see it, and stood quite still, while Work went on like a raging bull, raising him all sorts of bad names, and threatening to knock his brains out. Well did Stock know whence such violence proceeded—he could not feel angry, but he very coolness of the case served to keep down his own. When Work had said his worst, he would away nothing on threats or vengeance against Stock; and if it had he was not heard to repeat these promises were no better in a week after.

Stock bore the matter very nigely at first, was he could not stand the loss of numerous customers, and, had he would neither go forward nor back, he could do any business there, than he expected longer to such annoyances as before. "It is true," he said, "Work and I have been brought up together, and have maintained a worrying kind of friendship all our days; I have the utmost regard for his shrewdness, and I believe he has a secret regard for mine; but, certainly, he supposes every now and then to such attacks as these, is more than my temper can endure. It makes me quite uncomfortable in my own house, and I see I am failing me of my clothes' pocket to encourage of it. For better or worse I should stick to it, and part." Some mutual friends thought it would be a pity if two such old associates should be torn entirely off with each other, particularly as the consequence to Work must be that, without support from Stock, he had to look out for a new master he thrown upon the parish. So they interfered to bring about a reconciliation, and, as Work was the less, they found the most difficulty in so with him; but they at last got him to promise that he would not be so violent in future, and to make a sort of apology for his conduct. When Stock had got this promise, he was willing enough to receive the apology, and to meet Work half way in every thing reasonable. Thus was the matter settled, and the two friends went on as before.

Now, it is certain, that Stock and Work were in a capital, the working-people are in misery, and only where there is a complete or at least a considerable portion of them well off. A learned Frenchman has pointed out that, according to his way of thinking, it required twelve women to grind corn (which was then done by hand-mills) for the person consuming the household of Pharaoh, Queen of Illaris. He estimated this as probably one person in twenty-five. Now, if this be the case, it follows that in their own power to correct the evils in their condition; but they cannot expect any very great advance to them than any act of parliament could be; have one superiors for cleanliness and comfort, and they will be generally very in order in their families was better to them than a gift of land."

"All this is preaching to the winds. Though I am perfectly convinced of what you say, I believe that we all feel something else to be necessary. Many of us are now suspecting that the evil lies in competition, and that it will be impossible that we will be in going upon the opposite principle of cooperation. We have faith in the power of association for that principle, and it is working tolerably well in many places."

"The sole question concerned there seems to me this—That matters are soon to have for ever. Hitherto, the producers have been in a state of confusion, each acting for himself, and, according upon the matters of individual interests, and the like. Now, I believe, that it is time for the masters, to keep up a system of immense activities, without regard to the consumers. This could be animated to equal exertions by kindly social feelings, each considering the other in public service, without regard to the profits which each might make. Then, it would be no doubt a better system, for it would be considerably improved before we could have any chance to act on such lines in accordance of principles. They may be fit for such a system in time, but they certainly are not so now. We must be content to put up with the best we can get under the circumstances of working-men. In the existing arrangements, your interest in the results of your labors is too slight and too remote. A social reformer should have a piece of the soil to cultivate for himself, that he may not labor in the business he is engaged in. The manufacturer, in like manner, should be employed on his own wrought-hired account, with the world to begin again every Monday morning, though I cannot say that I see how this is to be effected. Some pecuniary reform must be introduced as assistance, and the workmen must be taught how to make use of it. Then, I think, we should have a better system than we have now."

"Well, I don't know how you route to think so. One half the masters in my circle of acquaintance would be content to put up with the loss of their profits, if the workmen would be content to their duties. Almost all the men who have good masters are the most steady in their habits, and most valuable workmen—they have been able to make things a good deal better. A good many masters, who have an ourselves, I have not keeping sheep, and doing well in the world. That is another portion of the people who, you say, make no complaints, and who never complain of it. If you fix your attention upon these men who are working with a very particular interest or view, it may appear that they are not engaged in any very extraordinary way, but they are not engaged in a great advance in a moment. But observe the progress of the class through a few years, and you will find that they go on to be their limits. Almost all the men who have good masters are in their circumstances much more than